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FATHER'S VOICE.

Only dreaming, nothing more,
Each again so many years
Herding sheep—'twas when the war
Filled the land with blood and tears.

Just a little boy again,
Tending sheep, with brother John;
Both of us are bearded men,
And the years creep on and on.

But I dreamt, with strange delight,
Of the scenes of long ago;
There the woodland to our right,
There the cherry grove below;

There the happy childhood home,
There the sheep-shed, long and wide,
There the creek that tossed its foam
'Gainst the rocks on either side;

There the schoolhouse by the lane
Where I learned my A B C's;
There the clearing where the grain
Nodded to the summer breeze.

In my dream I saw it all,
Lived my childhood hours in one,
Heard the voice of father call:
"It is daylight—come, my son!"

O'er his grave the rain and snow
Many years have fallen deep,
And I only see him now,
Only hear him, in my sleep.

And the old home does not seem
As it did in other years—
Only when I sleep and dream
Dreams of joy, to wake in tears.

When upon the bed of death
I at last am called to lie,
And my slowly ebbing breath
Comes with labored sob and sigh,

I can in my pain rejoice
That my last day's work is done,
If I hear my father's voice:
"It is daylight—come, my son!"
—A. L. Bixby, in Youth's Companion.

THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

From Gen. Waterson's account we learned that there were about fifty people in the building and they were taken completely by surprise, but so admirably pre-arranged was the plan that they had no opportunity to give alarm and were all shut up in one room and a guard placed over them, after which the invaders had the building to themselves. Everything was done with the utmost expedition and the nicest pervision, and at two o'clock the regiment was in possession of two million dollars in coin. It was ten minutes past two when the column was set in motion, and at that time there was the most confused notion in official circles as to what was going on. The idea that an armed regiment had taken possession of the United States deposits in the heart of the city in the middle of the day appeared to be too incredible at first to be alarming. It was therefore two-thirty o'clock before the first attempt was made at police headquarters to take summary action and call upon the reserves. The rumors spread like wildfire through Wall street and Printing House square, and when the regiment moved, Wall street, Nassau street and Broadway were choked with people. But Gen. Waterson handled his men with admirable skill and the solid column was not likely to suffer any serious interruption from merely angry or suspicious crowds. By the time the newspaper bulletins got the first wave of intelligence, the regiment was at the foot of Courtland street. It had marched through that usually choked thoroughfare with a tactical adaptation to circumstances that was amazing. It marched in force through the two ferry gates; took possession of two boats; put everybody off but the pilots, and the vessels started just as the first division of the reserves marched into West street, three blocks away.

At this point the state line, which was no embarassment to the soldiers, interposed an invisible barrier to the authorities.

New York stared across the river in bewildered astonishment and then resorted to the telegraph and the utterly futile police boat.

Hendricks' close calculation of time was again shown here. His agents arrived in Jersey City with fifteen minutes margin, and that was enough to enable them to take possession of a train of ten cars on the Pennsylvania road and get in motion before the order had arrived to hold all trains.

On the ferryboat Gen. Waterson and his officers encountered a number of passengers with large portmanteaus. They were there by prearrangement and brought the change of garments with them. When the boat arrived at the New Jersey dock the officers were in different apparel and were protesting most bitterly against the impudence and insolence of the soldiers. The general and two of his aides are known to have got back to New York on a returning boat. At least one hundred men had gone out of their uniforms while on the water. This was easily enough accomplished, seeing that they had but to take off shirt, trousers and hat. These articles of clothing were weighted with their arms, tied to the empty and open knapsacks and flung into the Hudson. On the arrival of the boat they followed the troops with the crowd and were unobserved. Half an hour later when they were looked for they had disappeared, most of them returning to New York by various routes.

Gen. Waterson, we know by his own account, put up at an obscure downtown hotel where he registered as John Fielding, of Newark, and that same night reached an up-town rendezvous where he freed himself from the gold and then gave himself with curious zest to watching the course of events and of public opinion in the city.

CHAPTER XIX.

The regiment left Jersey City at half-past three with eight hundred and seventy-five men on board. It had not crossed the Jersey flats when the engineer was locked up in a closet and the engine taken in charge by one of the general's own men. The first act was to cut the telegraph wires when ten miles out at a secluded spot, and here twenty-five more men were dropped. The train was then run with a view to land the men at the best point and to keep ahead of the special that it was believed would be on its heels. Gen. Waterson's report leaves us in no doubt as to how his plan disposed of the forces. Fifty got off at or near Newark. Twenty-five were dropped at Waverly and twenty-five at Elizabeth. Fifty were disposed of at Rahway and one hundred before reaching New Brunswick. Between Deans and Monmouth Junction another hundred left and at Princeton Junction, at the suburbs of Trenton, four hundred more disappeared. Fifteen miles out of Bristol the remaining hundred dropped from the cars. The engine was then reversed and the train started spinning backwards to meet the special.

Most of these men adopted the plan that had been tried at St. Mary's. They started at once in diverging lines and disappeared in the surrounding country.

The excitement in New York over the affair was widespread, and was fanned into a flame before evening by the news that came from Philadelphia that the United States mint had been similarly robbed by another regiment that had seized a train and gone to Lancaster.

The next morning full details of the two exploits were printed, and there was no doubt that they were both parts of one plan. But no one appears to have suspected the exact method of the regiments or their plan of subsequent disintegration. The popular imagination planted an armed force in the field somewhere and added untold resources of men out of its own terrors. Something of this feeling was reflected by the press and the action of the secretary of the treasury, for all the endeavors were directed to the interception and capture of an armed force which as the reader knows did not exist. New York now recalled the St. Mary's affair which it had formerly treated as a western practical joke, and the Louisville papers were rather exultant at what they called an eastern dose of the joke.

But it must not be supposed that the central police-office at New York had been entirely led astray by these events. It had quietly arrested six men whom its sharp-eyed detectives had recognized as being in the ranks of the visiting regiment, and on one of them was found five hundred dollars in gold. The superintendent, who saw underneath the surface what he conceived to be a vast and brainy conspiracy, summoned his best men; put himself in communication with the secret service bureau at Washington, and very soon began to formulate some of the inevitable deductions. In this he was fortunately aided by one or two circumstances. He obtained from the Washington bureau the photographs of the men who had boarded the Corinthian, which photographs had been forwarded from England. One of the persons in the group was discovered to be Fenning. The other circumstance was that the Washington bureau had sent two men west on his trail and they had disappeared in Tennessee. With these facts before him, it did not take the superintendent very long to focus his suspicions upon western Tennessee.

CHAPTER XX.

The one man who seemed to have the clearest comprehension of all this was Hendricks, who, from his retreat underground, watched by some inscrutable process every move that was made. Gen. Waterson reached Laran on the 20th of July. He left New York just six hours before the police began to look for him, and he found that four hundred and fifty of his men had preceded him to the Laran. During his absence the sanitarium had been burned to the ground. This took place on the 8th. On the 9th Gen. Luscomb's party had been attacked in the rear. The general had been killed and his men routed. Those that escaped got in at Covington and reported the sanitarium burnt and the gang gone eastward. In the public mind this appeared to explain the appearance of the regiment in New York on the 12th.

About ten miles east of the Laran snugly perched on the side of a wild glen is a solitary Swiss cottage. It is built of stone and looks down upon a rugged but beautiful country. It is just three miles from the town of Hoxie on a branch of the Tennessee railroad where there is a post office and telegraph station. The people in the town understand that an eastern literary woman who has an enormous mail has hired the place on account of its seclusion and salubrity. She has a pony and two servants, one of whom is a man, and she comes to town frequently with her pony to mail her letters, get her papers and meet an occasional visitor from the east whom she takes back with her.

This literary woman is Mrs. Hendricks. In her pretty little boudoir on the second floor she has a telegraph instrument built into the wall, and she communicates constantly with Hendricks in the Laran by an underground wire that has been laid with great care and expense through the wildest and most unfrequented part of the intervening country and which enters the cave through an artesian drill that is hidden by four feet of soil.

In a fragment of a preserved letter of Hendricks he says: "This wire cost me more trouble and labor than anything else. It had to be laid at intervals after a careful survey in order to avoid observation, and it had to follow the unfrequented ways and escape the possible surface water courses, for if it had been bared and discovered my enemies would have had the iron clew that ran to the heart of my mystery."

The man servant in this establishment is none other than Fenning. The room in which he and his companion toil at their mail is tastefully furnished and the windows on the inside are provided with steel blinds. The two Royal Dane mastiffs that have already been seen at the sanitarium lie at full length on the rug. They can be depended upon to hear a footfall on the mountain side before it gets within a hundred feet of the house.

In this comfortable and secluded retreat Mrs. Hendricks is at work during the latter part of July. The mails are kept guardedly down to a correspondence of necessity and to the daily papers from the large cities.

We can thus see how indifferent Hendricks was to the prospects of a siege. He could safely and secretly direct the movements of a vast organization scattered through the country while he and his immediate forces were safe from molestation or disturbance while their supplies lasted.

On or about the 28th of July, Fenning succeeded in getting Mrs. Hendricks to send for Miss Laport's assistance. But that young woman refused to leave Laran voluntarily. Fenning suspected the influence of Stocking. Mrs. Hendricks was sure of it. Preparations were then made at Fenning's suggestion to send her at night under a strong guard to meet him somewhere on the route, when they were interfered with by the news from Laran. This was on the 30th and Hendricks telegraphed; "Something of our secret is discovered by the government. How much, I do not know. Watch the papers. A United States gunboat anchored in the river this a. m., opposite the bayou; a strong force has been ashore. The probability is that this is one feature of a general movement and other forces are concentrated. It is therefore foolhardy to send Miss Franklin at this time."

It was Mrs. Hendricks custom to read off these messages to Fenning while she was at the instrument and he wrote them down with a pencil in order to be sure of their meaning, burning them immediately afterward.

They never suspected or ever knew that they were read by somebody else. But they were, and it is that curious fact which enables us to follow the details of his operations.

In the interval between the collision with Gen. Luscomb and the departure from Laran of Mrs. Hendricks and Fenning, Calicot had had ample opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of Miss Laport, whom he knew only as Miss Franklin, and as the two young women in the place were thrown much together, he saw a good deal of Miss Endicott. The doctor, who had found him a well-read man, had become quite attached to him and had told him a great deal about Miss Endicott's peculiar temperament and condition. The young woman herself enjoyed Calicot's society, and he and Miss Laport spent most of their evenings visiting her. On one of these occasions she had lapsed into her trance condition and the doctor was not present. Something that was learned from her lips made Miss Laport and Calicot consult long and carefully. The very next night when they were alone with her, she again passed into an abnormal state, and Calicot, with his companion's concurrence, questioned her. The doctor was busy elsewhere; there was no fear of interruption. Miss Laport got the packet of hair that she knew to be Mrs. Hendricks', and Calicot, with curious interest, listened to the girl. Then it was that she described the scene in the Swiss cottage and read the telegram which Fenning had written down with a pencil from Mrs. Hendricks' lips. Calicot was puzzled. He had no means of finding out where this place was. Miss Endicott could only describe what she saw. She had no explanations to make, but it suddenly dawned upon him that he had in this young woman a complete offset to Hendricks' secret advantages. Miss Laport acknowledged to him, in corroboration of what he had heard, that she had refused to go away without her father, and now that she had learned of the preparations to send her to Fenning, she was visibly alarmed. Calicot encouraged her by every means in his power. He pointed out to her how great an advantage their discovery gave them. She listened to him helplessly; but they became confidential confederates. He cautioned her to say nothing to Stocking at present and got her to use her woman's influence with the girl to carry on the experiments.

When he was alone the discovery filled him with all manner of conjectures and alarms. It kept him awake all night in an effort to make a correct deduction from the information furnished. The next day he cautiously endeavored to test the truth of Miss Endicott's vision. He met Hendricks in the rotunda, and after a polite salutation said: "It is impossible for me to wander about in this place and not hear the men occasionally discussing your affairs. I have just heard something that leads me to believe that a war vessel is watching the bayou. Is that true?"

"Yes," replied Hendricks. "She arrived yesterday morning. I expected her before."

He then walked away as if disinclined to talk further upon the subject.

So this piece of information was absolutely correct. Calicot saw that the affairs of Hendricks and his men were now too urgent to leave them much time to think of him and the women, and he resolved to improve the opportunity with Miss Endicott. Miss Laport made the task an easy one, for she brought Miss Endicott into her apartment, gave her an invalid chair and admitted Calicot. He observed that the girl did not suffer in her trances when the doctor was not present. She even acknowleged that the doctor frightened and pained her, but volunteered to take the packet of hair and tried to do what Calicot desired. She closed her eyes a moment, gave way to a little tremor and then said: "Yes, there they are. He is reading the papers to her." Calicot very soon discovered that she could not repeat what she heard, if, indeed, she heard anything at all. Whatever her special gifts were they appeared to be confined to vision. She could read the title and the type of the paper in Fenning's hands and she saw his lips move. He was undoubtedly reading to Mrs. Hendricks, and she was summarizing the intelligence in dispatches to Hendricks. It was not difficult to direct the girl's mind to the news in front of Fenning, and she read it off with her body bent forward as if straining to perceive an indistinct object and speaking slowly like a child conning a lesson.

What was Calicot's astonishment to hear her, in this manner, convey the import of the matter before her strange vision.

He learned that the success of the authorities in tracking the source of the widespread Junta conspiracy to western Tennessee, had led to some curious developments. The New York police had succeeded in linking together several mysterious events which pointed to the fact that the master spirit of this new danger to social order was no less a personage than the audacious pirate who had robbed the Atlantic steamship two years ago. The United States government had taken means to stamp out this socialistic rebellion and the gunboat Arapahoe had been ordered to Memphis; the Sixth United States infantry, with battery A and troops A and F of the Twelfth cavalry, had been ordered to report at Paducah from Leavenworth; orders had also been forwarded for two companies of the Fifth United States regiment at Fort Benton, Tex., to proceed to Memphis. Gen. Harvard Carroll was placed in command of the forces with his headquarters at Paducah.

Here the girl stopped, and Calicot with allowable impatience asked her to go on: "He has laid the paper down," she said; "I cannot see it and he has got up. He is looking for something. It is a writing-pad. He sits down beside the woman—he is writing."

"Yes, yes. It is a telegraphic message. Can you read it? It comes from Hendricks."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

She Has Use for Gimlets.

An ingenious woman has found new uses for that common little boring tool called a gimlet. One night while stopping at a hotel her room was entered and robbed. Being a traveling woman and realizing that the same thing was again likely to happen she hit upon the gimlet as a protective measure. Every night thereafter, when fate decreed that she must put up at a hotel, she produced her gimlets and made windows, doors and transom secure by boring the gimlet "clean through." One night when she had gimleted her room so that she was absolutely safe from midnight marauders the cry of "Fire!" was heard. She was up in an instant. She saw through the transom the reflection of flames in the hallway. Escape was cut off from that quarter. She hastily unscrewed the gimlets from the window, and, looking out, saw a roof thirty feet below. So practical a woman must certainly have a clothesline handy, and such was a fact. In a jiffy she had screwed two of her much beloved gimlets into the wooden sill, fastened an end of the rope to them, and climbed down in safety to the roof. The gimlets were burned up in the fire, but the ingenious woman laid in another stock, and from that day to this you can always count on finding from half a dozen to a dozen of the gimlets in her satchel.

POLITELY NEUTRAL.

That's What We Would Be in Case of a European War.

Thoughts Suggested by the Strained Relations Now Existing Between Great Britain and Russia and China.

[Special Washington Letter.]

One of the problems now confronting the department of state is: "Shall we help England?"

Diplomats of various foreign nations say that since this country had the moral and physical support of Great Britain in the controversy and war with Spain we should aid England in her coming contest with Russia.

The major premise of the matter rests upon the assumption that China

LI HUNG CHANG.
(The Greatest Chinese Statesman of the Century.)

is to be partitioned and that the vast empire of the orient is nearing its end. If this should be conceded there could be no doubt that this republic might, in the immediate future, be confronted with the problems and responsibilities which are so clearly set forth in various state papers.

But is China to be partitioned? I do not believe it. Of course, surface indications are such that almost everybody believes that the nations of Europe will accomplish their unconcealed purpose. Men skilled in statecraft do not all concede this proposition. International lawyers who are most familiar with Chinese history—and but few men know Chinese history as it really is—believe that the European nations who are building warships, maintaining armies, making demonstrations, filling their souls with hopes of the glory and prosperity of conquest, will yet beat out their own lives against the invisible Chinese wall of reserved force, and all of their dreams become mere "crownless metaphors of empire."

It is true that China is giving up ports and granting concessions of land; but these are merely fringes of her possessions, and in parting with them China sustains no loss. Her statesmen see other nations building fortifications, going to great expense in the furtherance of their ambitions, and her statesmen simply smile at the folly of these children from Europe gamboling along the Chinese coasts.

We must remember that Li Hung Chang is one of the greatest of statesmen; and remember also that he is not the only great man within the Chinese empire who is capable of directing the forces which have made the vast empire coherent for so many centuries.

The statesmen of China know how to lead the people of their empire, and they know that the people of China prefer peace to all other blessings of human existence. They will not go to war if they can avoid it. They have avoided war, and they will always avoid war. They will foil off trouble in every conceivable manner. But if the integrity of the empire should ever be really threatened and the homes of the common people invaded the tide of Chinese resentment and resistance would sweep before it all of the armies of Europe, even if they were allied.

Modern navies could not be reckoned in such a war. The people of China, the military men and statesmen of China, would not go beyond their borders. They would not conquest. They would simply preserve their imperial integrity, and make the world for centuries afterward hesitate

"to ope
The purple testament of bleeding War."

It will be well for us to remember that the statesmen of China have viewed the rise and fall of Alexander, Cyrus, Moses, Mohammed, Caesar and Napoleon. They have known of the wisdom of Solomon, the history of Nebuchadnezzar, the glory of Belshazzar, have witnessed the growth of the realm of the Prince of Peace from the appearance of the Star of Bethlehem to the coming of missionaries to urge upon them a religion better than that of Confucius. They calmly witness these comings and goings of nations, kingdoms, empires; and contentedly they live, secluded by their great wall, taking no part in the unrest and upheavals of petty ambitions.

While living in peaceful isolation, they are not unprogressive. They are conscious of their tremendous reserve force. We know not what their artisans are doing, away off in the interior of China; but we may more wisely assume that they are preparing for emergencies than to assume that they are ignorant of current events and indifferent to their own future. Li Hung Chang saw the proposed partition of China, and he has been engaged in preparations for meeting that contingency. The people are children in diplomacy who have been unable to understand the trip around the world which that venerable statesman recently made. It was not prompted by idle curiosity, nor was the trip taken for his health.

Li Hung Chang went forth before the whole world, and the millions of people through whose territory he traveled saw back of his travels no purpose whatever. But he had a purpose. He was preparing to meet the invaders of his empire.

It would have been impossible for Li Hung Chang to go to St. Petersburg to confer with the czar without the whole world knowing it. The great statesman could not have sent forth any one of his most capable and trusted ministers without the fact becoming known and understood by the diplomatic world. But Li Hung Chang could take a trip around the world, and, in the presence of glaring millions, he could communicate with the czar and form an alliance which would be beneficial to Russia, and at the same time give to China a military force which would prevent her dismemberment. And he did it.

Within the past month Great Britain has discovered the fact that Russia and China are dominating northern Asia, and Great Britain may well beware of the Indiaward progress of the czar. The partitioning of China will not immediately occur. China is giving away a few territorial fringes; that is all.

Now the question is: "Shall we help England?" The answer should be, that, since receiving the moral aid of Great Britain during the past year, we should help England in every good and laudable endeavor, because England aided us in a laudable endeavor. But England has aided us in no international folly; has aided us in no attempt at national suicide; and, argal, England has no right to expect this country to aid her in any direction which might mean needless danger to our individual and collective interests. If it is deemed proper by British statesmen to try conclusions in war with China and Russia; to send armies and navies against two nations having 700,000,000 population—and that international folly may be committed by England—it is her undivided privilege. But England has no right to ask us to close our eyes to the conditions which obtain; has no right to ask us to assume that China is a sick man instead of a wonderful power, although absolutely dormant, so far as the outside world can see.

The people of our republic fearlessly faced the dread problem of war, and the plain people have borne the brunt of it with courage and heroism. The administration at Washington is now endeavoring to solve the perilous problems of peace. The territorial expansion which grew out of the armed conflict is causing our best and strongest statesmen to pause and consider. The form of government which shall be given to Puerto Rico and the Isle of Pines, and what form of government shall be established and maintained for

COUNT MOURAVIEFF,
(Russia's Clever Minister of Foreign Affairs.)

the Philippines, must be determined. What we shall do for Cuba, under our protectorate, while endeavoring to give the people a stable government, requires the manifestation of perfect statesmanship and of lofty patriotism. The president and his constitutional advisers are giving to these problems of peace the attention and consideration demanded by their gravity and lasting importance. Every cabinet meeting is devoted to these subjects.

One of the oldest and ablest officials of the department of state this afternoon said to the writer: "Great Britain fully understands that the government at Washington appreciates the friendly attitude of the government at London during our recent international difficulties. But the government at London also understands that the people of the United States will not sanction any movement which would be likely to involve us in needless conflict with our always good friend, Russia. Therefore it will be safe for newspaper writers to predict that we shall not help England in any war which might be caused by the ambitious desires of British subjects to extend their trade relations in China."

SMITH D. FRY.